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## WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM INDIANS.

A HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.

James Morgan, a native of Maryland, married at an early age, and soon after settled near Bryant's station, in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the West, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, despoiled the timber, enclosed a field with a worm fence, and planted some corn.

It was on the 17th of August, 1782; the sun had descended; a pleasant breeze was playing through the surrounding woods; the cane bowed under its influence, and the broad green leaves of the corn waved in the air; Morgan had seated himself in the door of his cabin, with his infant on his knee; his young and happy wife had laid aside her spinning-wheel, and was busily engaged in preparing the frugal meal. That afternoon he had accidentally found a bundle of letters, which he had finished reading to his wife before he had taken his seat in the door. It was a correspondence in which they had acknowledged an early and ardent attachment for each other, and the mutual left evident traces of joy on the countenance of both; the little infant too seemed to partake of its parents' feelings, by its cheerful smiles, playful humor, and infantile caresses. While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard; another and another was heard in quick succession. Morgan sprang to his feet, his wife ran to the door, and they simultaneously exclaimed, "Indians!"

The door was immediately barred, and the next moment their fears were realized by a bold and spirited attack of a small party of Indians. The cabin could not be successfully defended, and time was precious. Morgan, cool, brave, and prompt, soon decided. While he was in the act of concealing his wife under the floor, a mother's feelings overcome her; she arose, seized her infant, but was afraid that its cries would betray her place of concealment. She hesitated, gazed silently upon it, a momentary struggle between affection and duty took place. She once more pressed her child to her agitated bosom, again and again kissed it with impassioned tenderness. The infant alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell upon its cheek, looked up in its mother's face, threw its little arms around her neck, and wept aloud. In the name of heaven, Eliza, release the child, or we shall be lost, said the distracted husband, in a soft imploring voice, as he forced the infant from his wife, hastily took up his gun, knife and hatchet, ran up the ladder that led to the garret, and drew it after him. In a moment the door was burst open, and the savages entered.

By this time Morgan had secured his child in a bag and lashed it to his back; then, throwing off some clap-boards from the roof of his cabin, resolutely leaped to the ground. He was assailed by two Indians. As the first approached, he knocked him down with the butt of his gun. The other advanced, with uplifted tomahawk; Morgan let fall his gun and closed in. The savage made a blow, missed, but severed the cord that bound the infant to his back, and it fell. The contest over the child now became warm and fierce, and was carried on with knives only. The robust and athletic Morgan at length got the ascendancy. Both were badly cut and bled freely, but the stabs of the white man were better aimed and deeper, and the savage soon sunk to the earth in death. Morgan took up his child and hurried off.

The Indians in the house, busily engaged in drinking and plundering, were not apprized of the contest in the yard until the one that had been knocked down gave signs of returning life, and called them to the scene of action. Morgan was discovered, immediately pursued, and a dog put on his trail. Operated upon by all the feelings of a husband and a father, he moved with all the speed of a hunted stag, and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible to outrun or elude the cunning animal, trained to hunts of this kind, he halted and waited until it came within a few yards of him, fired and brought him down; reloaded his gun and pushed forward. In a short time he reached the house of his brother, who resided between Bryant's station and Lexington, where he left the child, and the two brothers set out for his dwelling. As they approached, light broke upon his view—his speed quickened, his fears increased, and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded upon his mind. He emerged from the canebrake, beheld his house in flames, and almost burst to the ground. "My wife!" he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand to his forehead, and grasped the fence with the other, to support his tottering frame. He gazed sometime on the ruin and desolation before him, advanced a few paces, and sunk exhausted to the earth.

Morning came; the bright luminary of heaven arose, and found him still seated near the almost expiring embers. In his right hand he held a small stick with which he was tracing the name of "Eliza" on the ground his left hand was thrown on his favorite dog, that lay by his side, looking first on the ruin and then on his master, with evident signs of grief. Morgan arose. The two brothers now made a search, and found some bones, burnt to ashes, which they carefully gathered, and silently consigned to their mother earth beneath the wide-spread branches of a venerable oak, consecrated by the purest and holiest recollections.

Several days after this, Morgan was engaged in a desperate battle at the lower Blue Licks. The Indians came off victors, and the surviving whites retreated across the Licking, but were pursued by the enemy for thirty six miles.

James Morgan was amongst the last that crossed the river, and was in the rear until the bill was descended. As soon as he saw the Indians reappear on the ridge, he felt anew his wrongs

and recollected the object of his early affections. He urged on his horse and pressed to the front. While in the act of leaping from his saddle, he received a rifle ball in his thigh, and fell; an Indian sprang upon him, seized him by the hair, and applied the scalping knife. At this moment, Morgan cast up his eyes and recognized the handkerchief that bound the head of the savage, and which he knew to be his wife's. This added renewed strength to his body, and increased activity to his fury. He quickly threw his left arm around the Indian, and with a death-like grasp hugged him to his bosom, plunged his knife into his side, and he expired in his arms. Releasing himself from the savage, Morgan crawled under an oak, on an elevated piece of ground a short distance from him. The scene of action shifted, and he remained undiscovered and unscathed, an anxious spectator of the battle.

It was now midnight; the savage band after taking all the scalps they could find, left the ground. Morgan was seated at the foot of the oak; its trunk supported his head. The rugged and uneven ground that surrounded him was covered with the slain; the once white and projecting rocks, bleached with the rain and sun of centuries, were crimsoned with blood that had warmed the heart and animated the bosom of the patriot and the soldier. The pale glimmering of the moon occasionally threw a faint light upon the mangled bodies of the dead, then a passing cloud enveloped all in darkness, and gave additional horror to the feeble cries of a few still lingering in the last agonies of protracted death, rendered doubly appalling by the coarse growl of the bear, and the loud howl of the wolf, the shrill and varied notes of the wild cat and panther, feeding on the dead and dying. Morgan beheld the scene with heart-rending sensations, and looked forward with the apathy of despair to his own end.

A large, fierce-looking bear, covered with blood, now approached him; he threw himself on the ground, silently commended his soul to heaven, and in breathless anxiety awaited his fate. The satiated animal slowly passed on without noticing him. Morgan raised his head, was about offering thanks for his unexpected preservation, when the cry of a pack of wolves opened upon him, and again awakened him to a sense of danger. He placed his hands over his eyes, fell on his face, and in silent agony awaited his fate. He now heard a rustling in the bushes; steps approached; a cold chill ran over him. Imagination, creative, busy imagination, was actively employed; death, the most horrible death, awaited him; his limbs would in all probability be torn from him, and he be devoured alive. He felt a touch—the vital spark was almost extinguished; another touch more violent than the first, and he turned over; the cold sweat ran down in torrents; his hands were violently forced from his face; the moon passed from under a cloud; a faint ray beamed upon him; his eyes involuntarily opened, and he beheld his wife! who in a scarce audible voice exclaimed, "my husband! my husband!" and fell upon his bosom.

Morgan now learned from his wife that after the Indians entered the house they found some spirits and drank freely; an altercation soon took place; one of them received a mortal stab and fell; blood ran through the floor on her. Believing it to be the blood of her husband, she shrieked aloud, and betrayed the place of her concealment. She was immediately taken and bound. The party, after setting fire to the house, proceeded to Bryant's station. On the day of the battle of the Blue Licks, a horse, with saddle and bridle, rushed by her, which she knew to be her husband's. During the action the prisoners were left unguarded, made their escape, and lay concealed beneath some bushes under the bank of the river. After the Indians had returned from the pursuit, and left the battle-ground, she, with some other persons that had escaped with her, determined to make a search for their friends; and, if on the field and living, to save them, if possible, from the beasts of prey.

The party of Colonel Logan found Morgan and his wife, and restored them to their friends, their infant, and their home.

A BRUTISH AND UNNATURAL SON.—Before the Police of New York City, on Monday last, a case occurred involving deep and damning gracelessness in the treatment of a father by his son. A being in human shape, but wanting in the proper and natural feelings of humanity, John McCarty by name, who lives in Patterson, N. J., applied to a justice in New York for a warrant, which was issued, for the arrest of John and Eugene McCarty, for stealing from the applicant, on the 28th ult., a horse, wagon, and harness. In the course of an hour or two, John McCarty was brought in, who is described as being a man in middle life, and, withal, of very respectable appearance. The report of the case, as we find it in the New York Sun, says that perspiration rolled from his face and bald head in heavy drops, and tears stood in his eyes, as he confessed to the magistrate that he was the individual meant, and that his accuser was his son. The agitated father went on to explain the case to the magistrate. The father and two sons had for years resided at Patterson, at which place the former was possessed of some \$7000 worth of property, landed and personal, of which the horse, wagon, and harness, he is accused of stealing, constituted part. A few years ago he started his son James in a business, advancing him some two or three thousand dollars. In consequence of some difficulties in which he became involved, the father, to secure his property, placed it in trust with James, and left it in that state while he made a visit to New Orleans. When he returned, the unnatural son not only refused to relinquish his father's property to him, but claimed it for his own, and denying his father any right or interest in it, had, through the assignment before mentioned, deprived his father of it entirely. Not only had he done this, but he had even taken and sold his father's furniture for the rent of the very house which the father assigned to him; and to cap the climax of his iniquity, and get rid of his father and his righteous demands by consigning him to the state prison, the son now sought to pursue and punish him for a grand larceny, for stealing his own horse, wagon and harness, which he took from the stable to bring himself and son Eugene to New York with. Under the affidavit of the prosecutor, the law making it imperative, bail in \$200 was taken from the father for his appearance at Court, to answer the accusation of his unnatural son.—Ledger.

## SYMPATHY FOR A CAPTIVE AMERICAN.

An American citizen abused, imprisoned, and compelled to fight against his own country! The treatment of Wood and his fellow sufferers is justifiable cause of war a century after. Some wrongs can never be redressed, because the world affords no equivalent. This is one. He who has a family beloved can best judge of this matter; and, according to our judgment, being thus circumstanced, we would wage incessant war against any power on earth, only to cease when redress to the fullest extent which the nature of the case might admit of, should close the conflict. What is country to any man whose wrongs are unresented, unrevenged? It is true there are some wretched beings who would not be worth the price of a bullet in his own person; but we must not lose sight of the principle. The insult must necessarily refer to the nation whose citizen he is; and our action must be governed by national considerations, for the reason that no individual can be held up as the standard by which to decide the degree of worth, merit, and importance of the case, and thus by an invidious comparison to determine the sufficiency of a cause of war. We would despise our country if it would not avenge us; and we would despise ourselves if we would not personally be actuated by the same principle. For we can only measure expectation of protection from our fellow countrymen, by the determination we cherish of protecting them.

From the Massillon (Ohio) Gazette.

## RETURNS OF THE CAPTIVE.

Truth is stronger than Fiction.—Our citizens, yesterday morning, were introduced to the acquaintance of John Wood, a man whose tale of sorrow could not fail of interesting the heart. A meager sketch can only at present be given. The ample history of his misfortunes may hereafter be presented to the world.

In the war of 1812, John Wood, now 50 years old, was a young and industrious farmer in Bracken County, Ky. He was the husband of a young and interesting woman, and the father of two infant children. He was living in happiness on a farm, which he had earned by his industry, when the gallant Capt. Butler, who afterwards fell at the capture of the British batteries at Fort Meigs, raised his flag, and solicited the hardy Kentuckians of Bracken County, to enroll themselves among the defenders of their country. John Wood was one of the number. He suffered all the privations to which the chivalric army of the northwest was exposed, during the disastrous campaign which resulted in the defeat of Winchester at the river Raisin. By good fortune, he escaped the tomahawk of the savage allies of Great Britain, and was sent a prisoner of war to Quebec. He was next, with other American prisoners, despatched in a transport to Plymouth, in England. From Plymouth, accompanied by a crowd of fellow prisoners, he was about to be transferred to Dartmoor—that well remembered scene of British cruelty—when he found an opportunity to elude his guards and make his escape. He wandered through the country, stealing through by-ways, until he found himself at Bristol. Hunger compelled him to enter a grocery, the head-quarters of a British press-gang. Here he was pressed, and despite his protestations that he was a citizen of the United States, and a fugitive prisoner of war, facts which might have been easily proved by reference to the military authorities at Plymouth, he was hurried on board his Majesty's frigate Sea Horse, then the flag ship of the celebrated Sir P. Parker, and compelled to bear arms against his own countrymen.

On board the Sea Horse were several other Americans, who, like Wood, had fallen victims to the British system of impressment. They determined on desertion, and when lying in the Port of St. John's, they succeeded in securing a boat, during an extremely dark night, and attempted to reach the eastern coast of the State of Maine. They were instantly pursued, and were under the necessity of deserting their boat on the shore of New Brunswick, and seek safety in the woods. After wandering about for two days, exhausted with cold and hunger and fatigue, they were apprehended by a party of British soldiers, and again transferred to the Sea Horse. The punishment that followed this act of desertion was inflicted with all that ingenious refinement for which the British Navy is celebrated.

The Sea Horse, attached to the squadron under Admiral Cockburn, was shortly afterwards ordered into the Chesapeake, and took an active part in the robbing, burning, and murdering of defenceless inhabitants of the coast. Mr. Wood, and the impressed Americans, were never permitted to leave their vessel. He was on board the night when Sir Peter Parker met his fate on shore. A few days subsequent to this event, he, in company with seven other impressed Americans, attempted to escape, in broad day light, by boldly jumping into a boat alongside, and pulling rapidly for the shore. One of the number was shot by a sentinel on duty. The others reached the beach, but were apprehended immediately on landing, by a party of marauders belonging to the Sea Horse.

By order of Admiral Cockburn, they were sent in irons to Nova Scotia, where, after undergoing the formality of a mock-trial, they were sentenced to be shot. The sentence, however, was commuted to service for life in his Britannic Majesty's army in the East Indies. They were accordingly shipped to England, and thence with a regiment of newly levied recruits, despatched to Calcutta. For 21 years Mr. Wood served as a private soldier in the East India service; and, 18 months since, when broken down in spirit and in constitution, he was permitted to leave the army and sail for England. Destitute and heart-broken, he reached London, stated his case to the United States Consul, and by him was furnished with the means of reaching New York. He left New York in January, and wended his weary pilgrimage towards the home of his childhood.

It is now 26 years since he left his wife and children in Kentucky, and not one syllable has he heard, relative to their situation, since the moment of their separation. The citizens here forced a few dollars upon him—for poor and decrepit as he is, he still possesses all the pride of a Kentuckian—and sent him on his way in the stage to Wellsville, from which town he intends to embark on a steambot to Augusta, Ky.

Fancy cannot help asking—what now is that home to which the war-broken wanderer is returning? Will the wife of his youth be ready, in all the fidelity of her early love and sincerity, to hail the restoration of her long-lost husband?

During last year, there were perpetrated in Portugal 1,412 assassinations, 3,219 robberies.

If our talented countryman draws a correct picture of the English fair, where are we to look for the originals of those exquisite portraits in Bulwer's, D'Jorvelli's, and the works of other fashionable novelists? Their imagination must possess the transfiguring power fabled to have belonged to the Cestus of Venus; or, perhaps, they gallantly look at the fair sex, only through "couleur de rose" glasses. We admire their chivalry, and hope, should they visit the United States, they will bring their glasses with them. It will be a novelty for an English tourist to use them favorably towards us. They need not be afraid they will manifest too much liberality. If there be any of that article to spare, they may make a donation of it to Hall, Hamilton, and the rest of the tribe of scribblers who swim into popularity at home by abusing the country that too kindly welcomes the stranger.

## THE ENGLISH FAIR.

The women whom I saw were nearly all plump and comely, and their complexions were universally good, even in this dingy atmosphere (London). To be sure, their faces were nearly all dirty, at which I was the less disposed to wonder, when I found, on getting to my lodgings, that my own was in the same condition. I had several times used my handkerchief in removing objects which had fastened on my face; these proved to be sooty particles, detached from the chimneys and furnaces of the mighty Babylon; and I found on consulting my mirror, that I was, and had probably been so for some time, the proud possessor of an exceedingly well-defined, coal-black whisker on the left cheek, together with a very promising mustache on the opposite side.

But to return from my own face to the more pleasing study of those of the women. I have to remark that they were almost all expressive, and many of them very beautiful. Moreover, they generally surmounted well-formed and, often swan-like necks, reposing on nobly-expanding bosoms. In descending, the analysis became less satisfactory, for their forms were almost universally bad; the upper part of the bodies were too large for the lower; the foundation seemed crushed by the weight of the superstructure. There was, of course, a limit to the observations one might make in the street; but to a man of any observation, or at all knowing in matters of this nature, used to induction, or capable, from the habit of ratiocination, of remounting from things seen and real, to things hidden and unseen, there was little risk of injustice in noticing the awkward bending of the ankle, to infer malformation above. The feet were, for the most part, ponderous and flat, indicating both an inherent ugliness and defective shoeing. They were often crooked and full of excrescences; nor did they always correspond exactly, and seem to be mates. Sometimes both had a leaning one way; the right foot out and the left in, for instance. I was more than once reminded of a stout double-decker, with high poop and heavy counter, lying down in strong breezes under double-reefed topsails.

The gait of course of women thus formed, was shuffling, heavy, and lumbering, destitute alike of harmony and ease. Perhaps I cannot better convey an idea of the effect of this peculiar conformation upon the movements, than by citing the opposite conformation and equally opposite movements of Tagliani. I think that any one who has looked at this goddess of the graceful art with any view to analyze the elements of her success, must have been struck with the great length and development of her legs, compared with the light superstructure which reposes on them. This seemed ever to me to furnish one means of accounting for her rare and matchless agility and grace. There is, indeed, a gossamer lightness in all her movements, that sometimes makes one think that her excellence depended less on peculiar conformation and great muscular power, than on a total absence of all specific gravity. One is tempted to believe that she is indeed the sylph, whose wings and wand she wears; an ethereal being; a child of the skies, over whom the laws of attraction, which drag all common mortals down to their mother earth, have no dominion. The French, the Italian, but especially the Spanish women, have, more or less, this peculiar conformation. Hence do they glide forward with so rare a grace, and hence that poetry of motion which is found in a Gevillan or a Gaditana. The absence of this among English women may account for their want of grace. Were you to divide the figure for the sake of analysis, you would be struck with the fact that the lower portion is completely sacrificed to the upper, which is almost always noble.—Slidell's "American in England."

North Carolina Copper Ore.—We have just been shown specimens of Copper Ore from the Harlan Copper Mine in Guilford county, North Carolina, that are most beautiful, and may be seen at the office of M. P. O. Hern, corner of Wall and Nassau streets. We understand it has been worked successfully for several years for gold, and recently for copper. The specimens spoken of above come from an opening to the depth of 110 feet, and consist of the Yellow Pyrites, or as it is commonly called "Yellow Copper Ore," yielding upon analysis from 31 to 33 per cent. of metallic copper.

The mine, as far as it has been worked, presents an extensive mass or vein of this rich and beautiful ore, from 3 to 12 feet in thickness. The galleries are opened to the extent of 6 or 700 feet on the direction of the vein. Competent judges accustomed to mining in England have recently visited this mine, and pronounce it equal in value for the extent of the opening to any in Europe or the world. They represent that all the indications are in accordance with the best mines of England. They find the same kind of primary and secondary formation in this mine, that uniformly characterize their richest deposits, which is blue and white slate, commonly called Kellis by the miners of Cornwall—and we have every reason to believe that copper mines found of this description, will be as enduring as mines found in the same formation in England. We are happy to state that a company of enterprising individuals have purchased this valuable estate, with the determination of developing its resources forthwith. A large quantity of the ore has already been mined and brought to the surface, and is now on its way to England, where it will find a ready market. We can only say we wish them success.—N. Y. Star.

Component parts of London.—Thieves, 30,000; beggars, 20,000; professed gamblers, 10,000.—Mt. M. Spectator.

From the St. Louis Argus.

## OREGON.

By the report of the proceedings of Congress it appears that Mr. Linn has introduced a bill making an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars for the purpose of taking possession of the Oregon Territory.

Since the persons in the employ of Mr. Astor relinquished their trading post on the Pacific, the English have had the sole and undisputed possession of the Territory, and we may yet have as much difficulty in the settlement of our western, as we have had in the establishment of our eastern boundary. The Oregon Territory possesses, in our opinion, but little to recommend it; but we believe that the country bordering on the Pacific, including the coast of Oregon Territory and upper California, possesses a more agreeable climate than any other part of North America. The latest notice which we have met with of that region, is contained in a journal of Mr. Spalding, who, with his associates, Mrs. Whitman, Mr. Doctor, and Mr. Gray, passed from the State of Missouri to the Pacific ocean in 1836.

The Territory of the United States on the Pacific ocean, extends from about latitude 42 to latitude 49, about 400 miles of coast. Within this space empties the Columbia river, nearly all of which lies within the jurisdiction of the United States. This stream is about 1500 miles in length, having its head in the Rocky Mountains. On its banks the Hudson's Bay Company have several posts, and the British are now the sole occupants.

Mr. Spalding and his associates left the frontier of the State of Missouri, about the 1st of May, 1836, in company with a gentleman engaged in the trade. Their route generally lay near the Missouri river, till they reached the Platte, thence along that river to its fork, by the Black Hill, to near its source; thence to the Green river, one of the branches of the Western Colorado; thence to the waters of the Bear river, which empties itself into the great Salt lake, and thence to the head waters of Lewis river, the south eastern branch of the Columbia, on which, or on the streams which run into it, they pursued their course to Fort Wallawalla, one of the principal trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, about 300 miles from the Pacific ocean.

Mrs. Spalding and Mrs. Whitman are believed to be the first white women who have crossed the Rocky Mountains. But though subjected to many hardships and labor, and some privations, the health of the whole party was decidedly improved by the journey.

The following is an extract from the journal: "We left Wallawalla the 6th of September, in a boat propelled by six oarsmen. The usual time for a passage down in five days. We were detained by head winds, and did not arrive till the 12th. Here we were met by the warmest expressions of friendship, by Dr. McLaughlin, who conducted us immediately to his house. After a brief interview, he conducted us to his gardens, and be assured, we were not a little surprised to see west of the Rocky Mountains, where we expected to meet scarcely the first budding of civilization, such perfection in horticulture. About five acres are laid out in order, and stored with almost every species of vegetables, fruits and flowers; and among them figs and citrons, oranges, lemons, pomegranates, cotton plants, and all common fruits in the United States. Every thing produces well. For some days our time was divided between visits on the farm, to the mills, the herds, the dairy, the stores, the ships in port, the school, &c. It of course gave us great satisfaction to witness these fruits of civilization, which we supposed our eyes had looked upon for the last time, when we passed the frontier line of our own land. Dr. McLaughlin's farm is the largest on the Columbia river, and produced, last year, 4,500 bushels of wheat, 4,000 of peas, 1,700 of barley, 1,500 of oats, potatoes not gathered, corn but little. His horned cattle 750, swine 400, and from 200 to 300 horses. He has a saw-mill and a flouring."

The mouth of the Columbia lies in the same latitude with Bordeaux, in France, and possesses a similar climate, far different, however, from the climate of forty-five degrees north in the States of Maine and Michigan.

Something New.—We have just examined a copy of a very interesting and novel work upon the Laws of England, intended principally for students of that profession, just published by the Messrs. Turner & Hughes, at 180 Broadway, entitled the "Tree of Legal Knowledge."

In it the laws of England are very ingeniously and strikingly illustrated, under the appearance of a tree. All the divisions and subdivisions of that science, as treated of by Blackstone in his commentaries, are laid down in a very striking manner, and well calculated to make a lasting impression on the mind. We think it would not only abridge the labours of the student, but refresh the memory of the practitioner.

It is published in such form as to make a very interesting set of pictures for an office or parlour, as a map; and it is also bound as an atlas. We understand it has been highly spoken of by some of our most eminent jurists.

We go as far as any in condemning certain sorts of foreigners, who come here to cheat and plunder us, to fill our penitentiaries and poor houses, to keep our hangmen at work, or to collect slanders upon which to fatten at home. We also condemn those pestilent demagogues, who, flying from the well-deserved gibbets and prisons of their native lands, very kindly condescend to teach us morals and civil government, stagger from grog shops into our public meetings, to pour out whiskey-inspired harangues upon liberty and oppression, and stagger back again to canvas for office, or to form unlawful combinations. But to the sober and industrious cultivator or mechanic, who subdues the wilderness or prosecute useful arts, or to the enlightened teacher, either of literature or science, who, while dispensing useful information, behaves civilly, our welcome shall never be denied.—Ledger.

"Buchan's Domestic Medicine is a good book, sir; it enables every man to be his own physician," said a person to an eminent lawyer. "How far that may be," was the reply, "I am not able to determine; but this I know, that every man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client."